

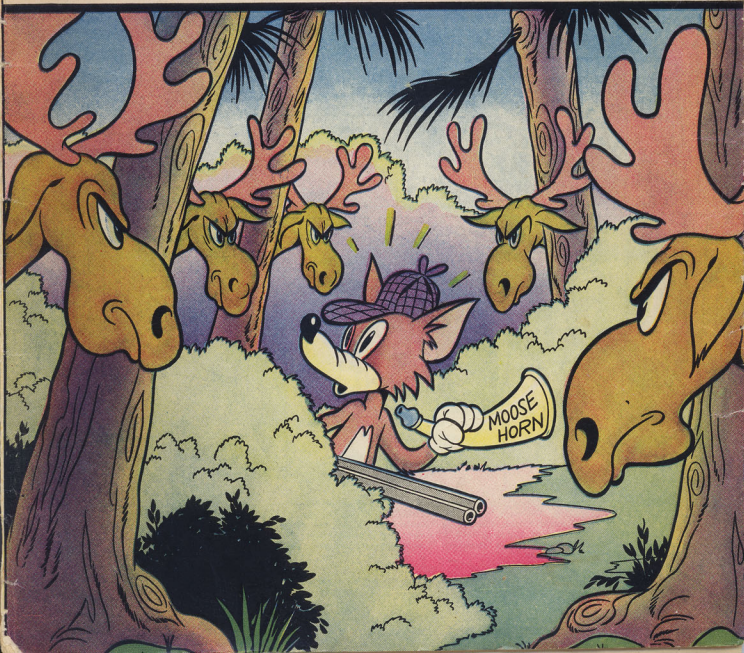
No. 2

FOX Y FAGAN

K

10¢

Comics

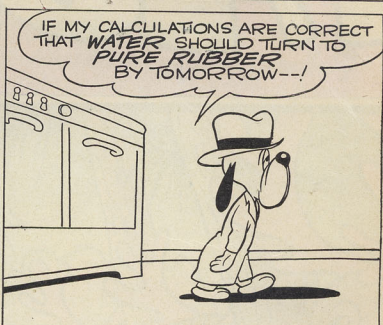
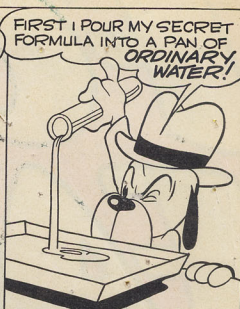




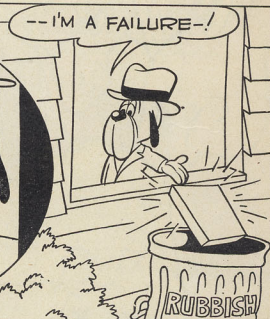
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOBBLES'

THE INVENTOR



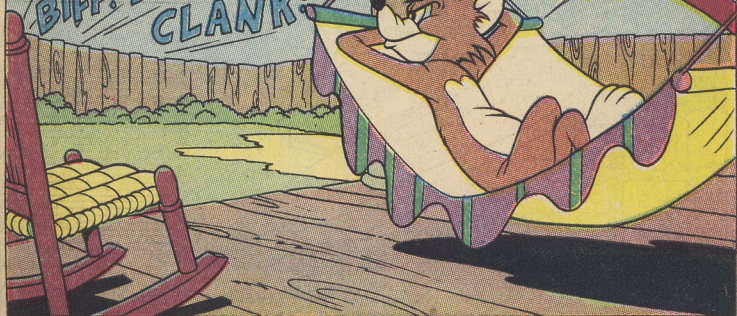
24
HOURS
LATER



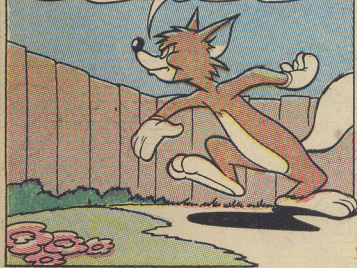
FOXY FAGAN

BIFF! BANG!
CLANK!

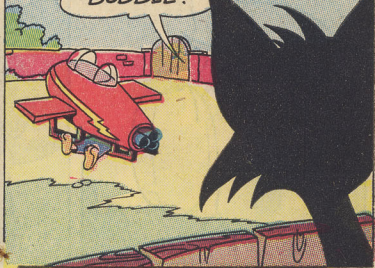
-- GOOD NITE!
HOW CAN ANYONE
TAKE A NAP WITH
THAT RACKET
GOING ON?

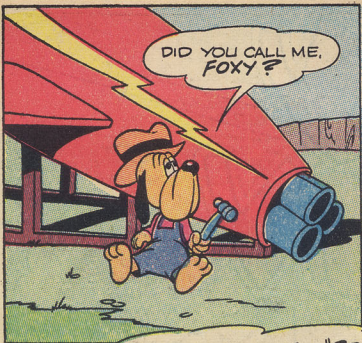


EVERYTIME I DECIDE TO TAKE
A NAP **BOBBLE** DECIDES TO
WORK ON A **NEW INVENTION--**



-- AND NOTHING HE INVENTS
EVER WORKS --
**HEY
BOBBLE!**

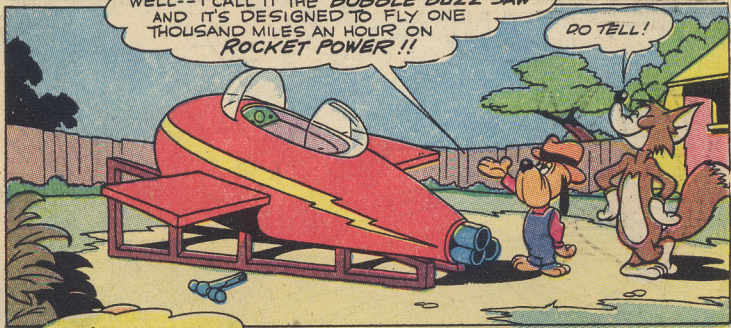


Foxy is sitting on the ground, working on a large red rocket engine with a yellow lightning bolt on its side. He is wearing a brown hat, a red shirt, and blue overalls. A hammer is in his hand.

DID YOU CALL ME,
FOXY?

Foxy is standing and talking to a cat. The cat is wearing a brown hat and a red shirt. They are both looking at the rocket engine.

YEAH! AS LONG AS I GOTTA STAY
AWAKE, I MAY AS WELL KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE INVENTIN'
THIS TIME!

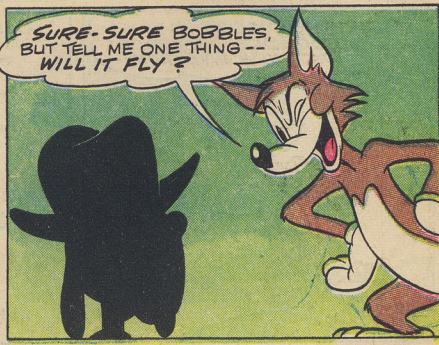
The rocket engine is mounted on a wooden launch pad. A cat is standing next to it, looking at it. Foxy is also standing next to it, looking at it. A hammer is on the ground.

WELL-- I CALL IT THE "BOBBLE BUZZ SAW"
AND IT'S DESIGNED TO FLY ONE
THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR ON
ROCKET POWER !!

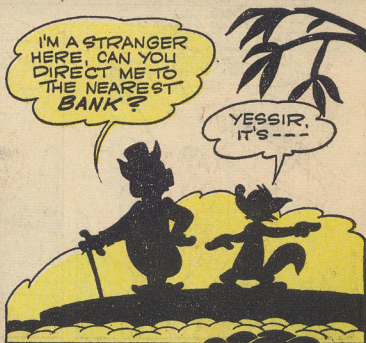
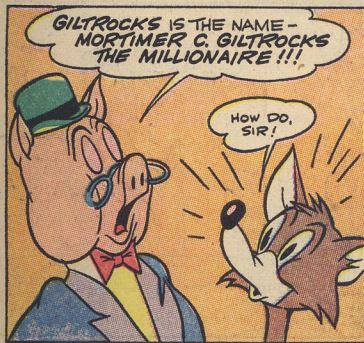
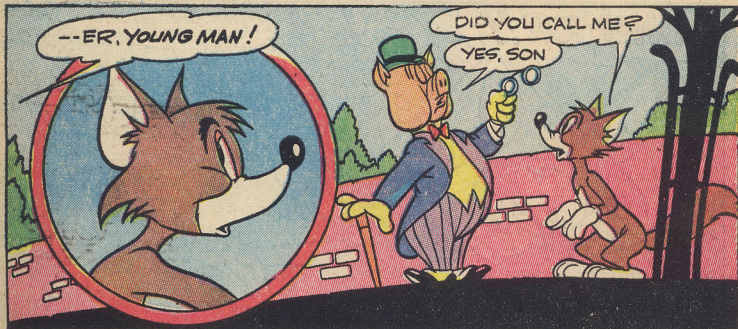
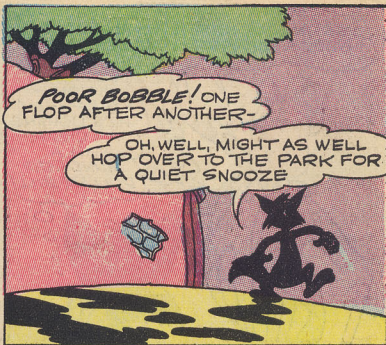
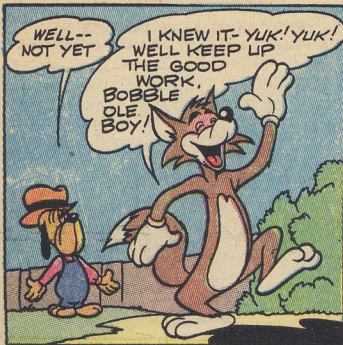
DO TELL!

Foxy is looking up at the sky. He is wearing a brown hat, a red shirt, and blue overalls.

YEP! FROM COAST
TO COAST IN
THREE HOURS!

Foxy is standing and talking to a cat. The cat is wearing a brown hat and a red shirt. They are both looking at each other.

SURE-SURE BOBBLES,
BUT TELL ME ONE THING --
WILL IT FLY?



YES! I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO INVEST A FEW PALTRY MILLION IN!

FEW PALTRY MILLION--
- GULP-- AN'
HE'S LIGHTING
HIS CIGAR
WITH A
HUNDRED
DOLLAR BILL!

WHY ONLY LAST WEEK I THREW
A COUPLE OF MILLION INTO A
LITTLE GADJET SOME INVENTOR
SHOWED ME

A COUPLE OF
MILLION !!!?

INVENTOR!!

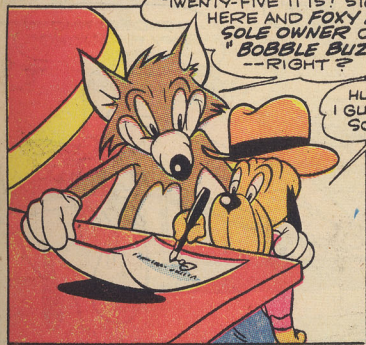
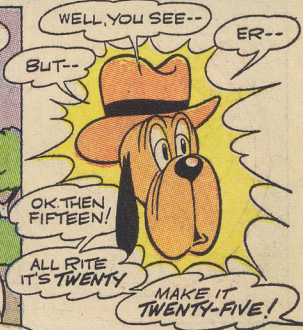
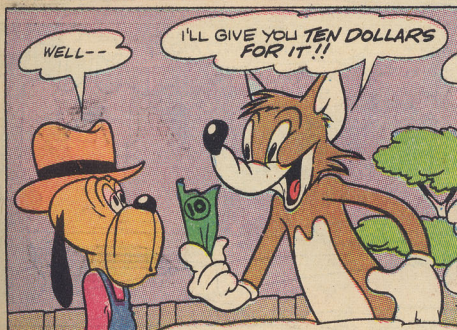
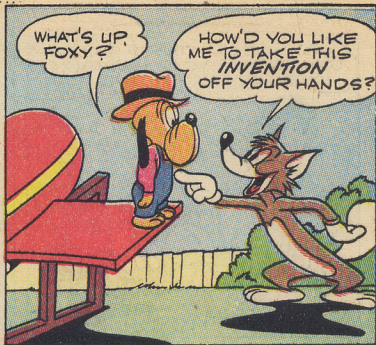
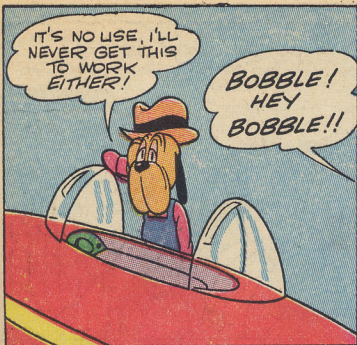
SAY!-- I MEAN--MR. GILTROCKS--
DO YOU THINK YOU'D BE
INTERESTED IN A
ROCKET SHIP
INVENTION?

HUH?

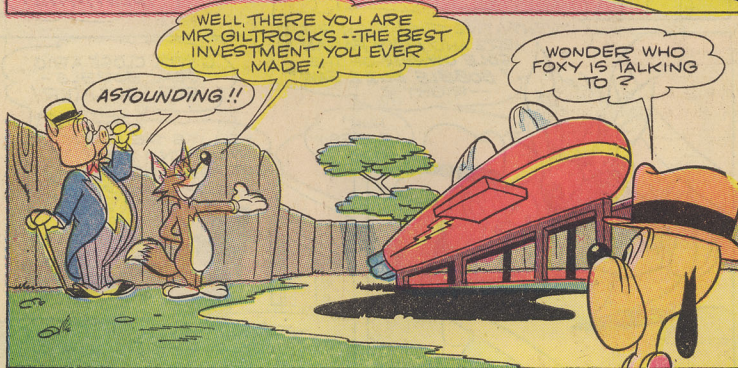
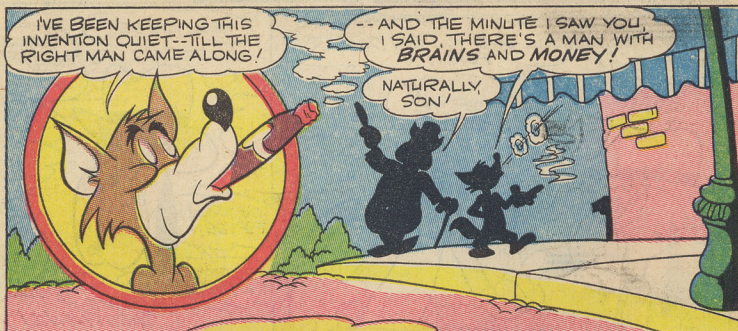
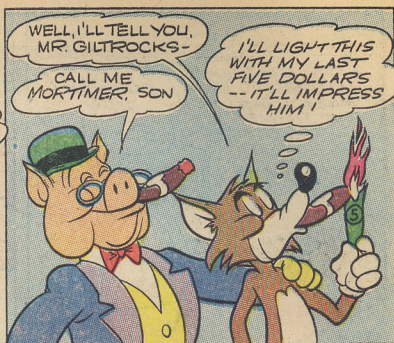
ER---WHY, OF COURSE, SON!
"TAKE A GAMBLE
GILTROCKS"--
THAT'S ME!

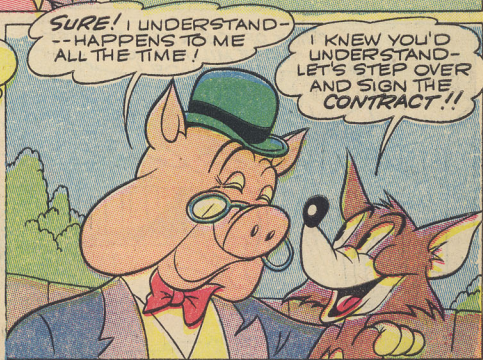
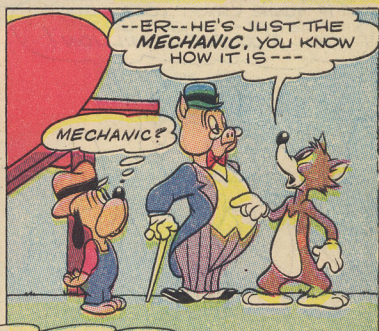
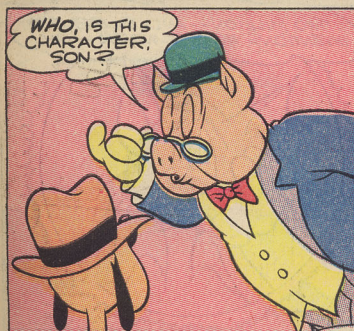
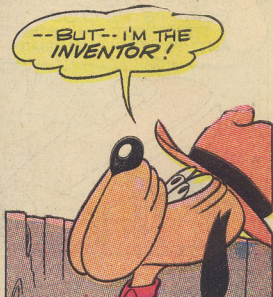
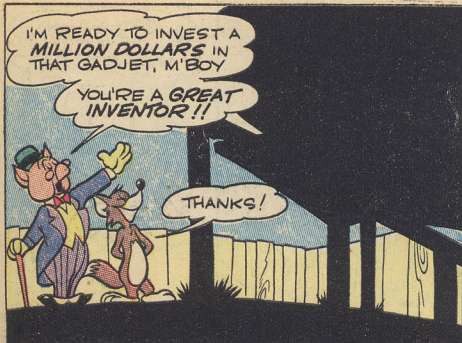
DON'T MOVE!!
I'LL BE
RIGHT
BACK!

STRANGE
CHAP!!



LATER - GILTROCKS IS ON HIS WAY TO SEE THE ROCKET SHIP---





CERTAINLY!! BUT I MUST HAVE
AT LEAST **ONE DEMONSTRATION**
BEFORE WE CLOSE THE DEAL--
PROTECT MY INVESTMENT
AND STUFF LIKE THAT--

ULP!

YOU MEAN YOU
WANT **ME** TO
FLY IT ???

IF YOUR CRAFT LOOKS GOOD
IN THE AIR--I MIGHT UP THE
DEAL A **COUPLE OF MILLION!**

TWO MILLION--AND **BOBBLE'S**
INVENTIONS NEVER WORK--OH!

THINK OF IT, SON! THE EASIEST
THREE MILLION YOU
EVER MADE!

--AND IT WON'T
EVEN LEAVE
THE
GROUND

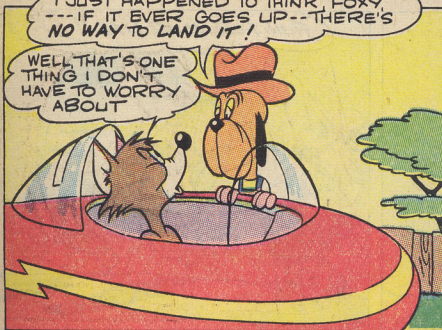
GO AHEAD
INVENTOR!-
MAKE IT
FLY!!!

WELL, THIS IS THE **NEAREST** I'LL
EVER COME TO BEING
A **MILLIONAIRE!!**



I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK, FOXY,
---IF IT EVER GOES UP---THERE'S
NO WAY TO LAND IT!

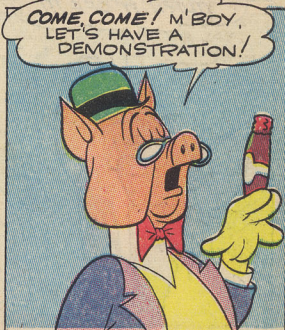
WELL, THAT'S ONE
THING I DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT



MAYBE I COULD SUE
BOBBLE FOR FRAUD
OR SOMETHING---



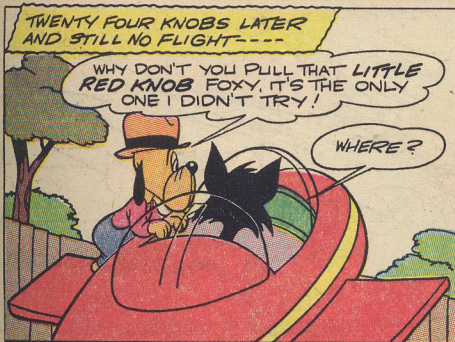
COME, COME! M'BOY,
LET'S HAVE A
DEMONSTRATION!



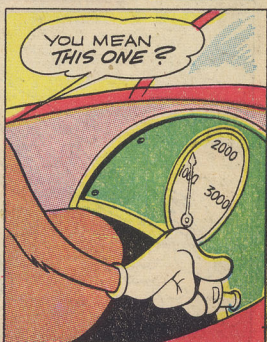
**TWENTY FOUR KNOBS LATER
AND STILL NO FLIGHT----**

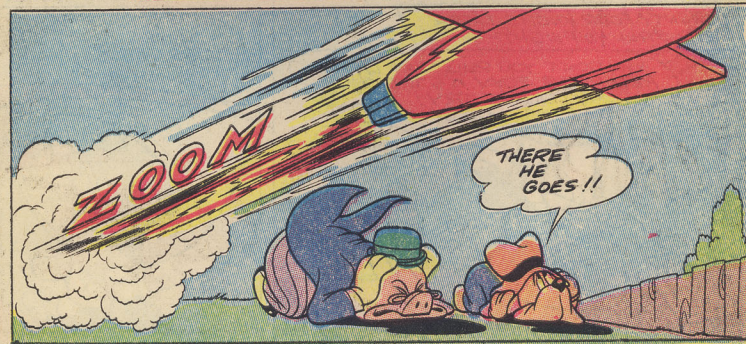
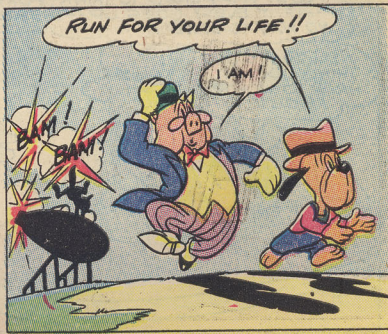
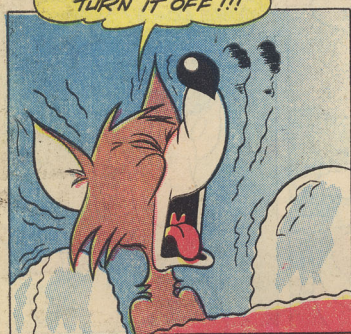
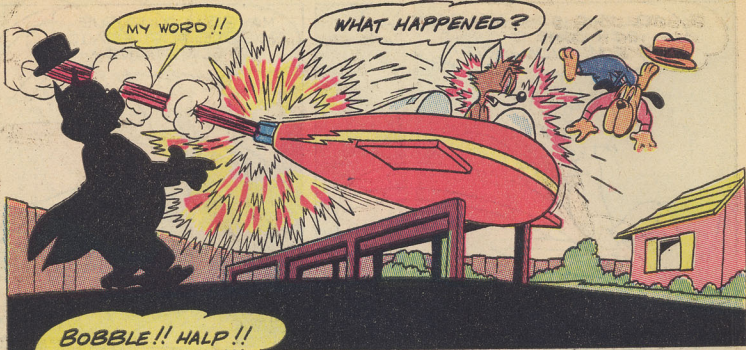
WHY DON'T YOU PULL THAT **LITTLE
RED KNOB** FOXY, IT'S THE ONLY
ONE I DIDN'T TRY!

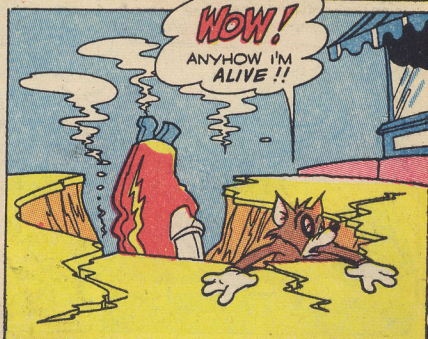
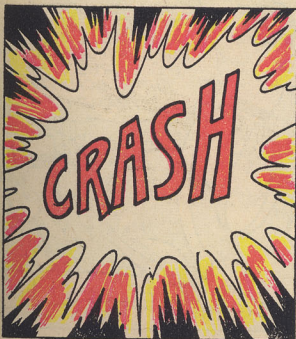
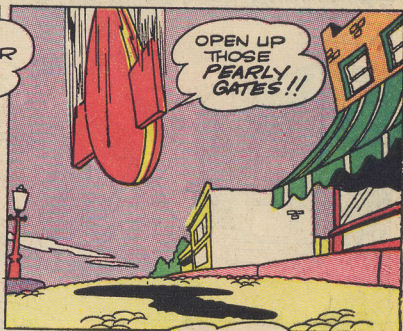
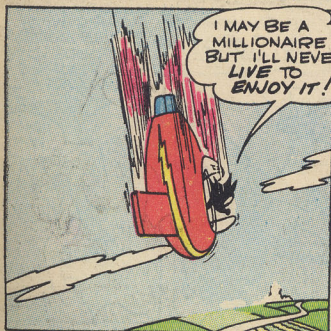
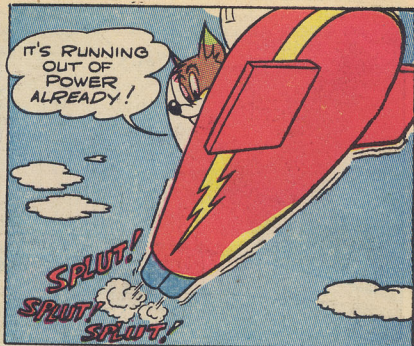
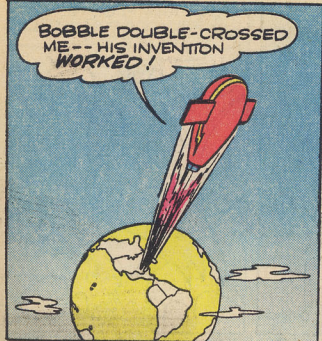
WHERE?



YOU MEAN
THIS ONE?







--- AND I'M A MILLIONAIRE
AS SOON AS I GET BACK
TO GILTROCKS

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON
IN FRONT OF BOBBLE'S
HOUSE??

COME ALONG-MR.
MILLION BUCKS!

JUST CLOSED
ANOTHER
THREE MILLION
DOLLAR DEAL
BOYS!

HE THINK'S
HE'S A
MILLIONAIRE!

HE'S HARMLESS-
LIKES TO LIGHT
CIGARS WITH
STAGE MONEY-
HE FOOLS LOTS
OF PEOPLE
HA! HA!

HEH!
HEH!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU
GET AWAY FROM US, POP!

1,000,000

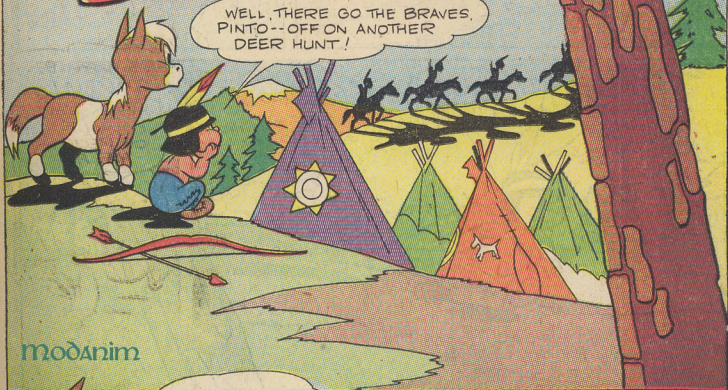
HEY FOXY! YOU'RE
STILL THE SOLE
OWNER OF THE
BOBBLE BUZZ
SAW--
AIN'TCHA?

YEAH!
WHY?

WELL YOU JUST GOT
FINED TWENTY-
FIVE DOLLARS
FOR LEAVING IT IN
THE STREET--
AN' BLOCKING
TRAFFIC!!!

"Little BUCK"

WELL, THERE GO THE BRAVES,
PINTO--OFF ON ANOTHER
DEER HUNT!

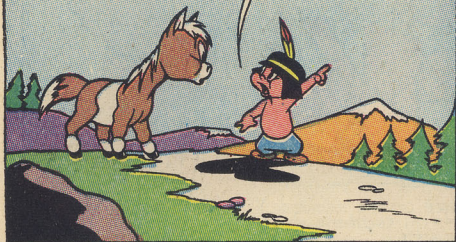


--AND DO YOU
THINK THEY'D
LET ME GO?

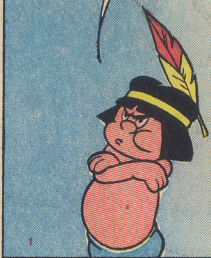
NO! THEY SAY!
YOU UM TOO LITTLE!
PHOOEY!!!



I'M NOT TOO LITTLE TO CARRY
WOOD, FETCH WATER, PULL WEEDS,
POUND CORN, AND GET SPANKED--

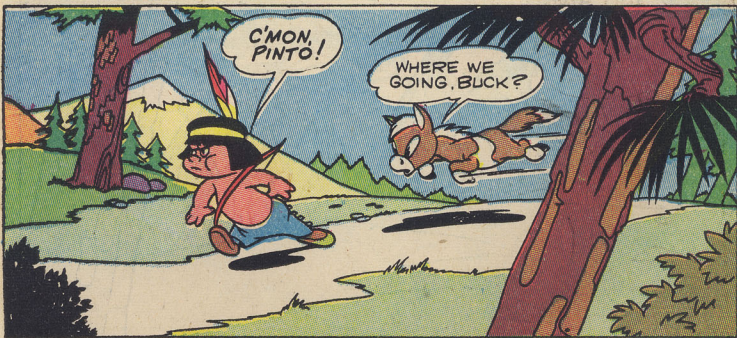


--SO, I'M NOT TOO LITTLE
TO GO HUNTING--!



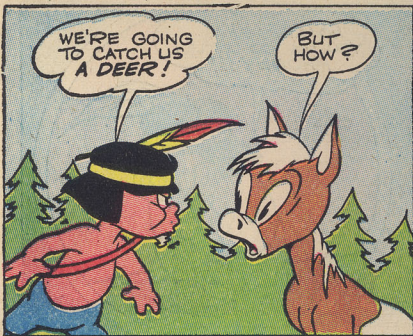
C'MON,
PINTO!

WHERE WE
GOING, BUCK?



WE'RE GOING
TO CATCH US
A DEER!

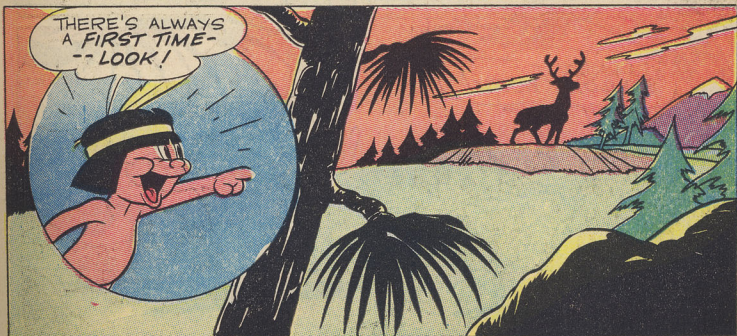
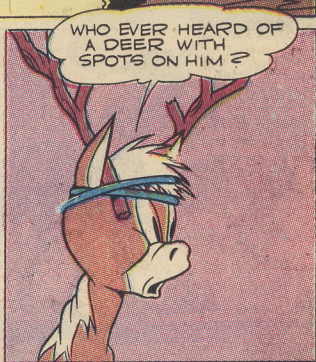
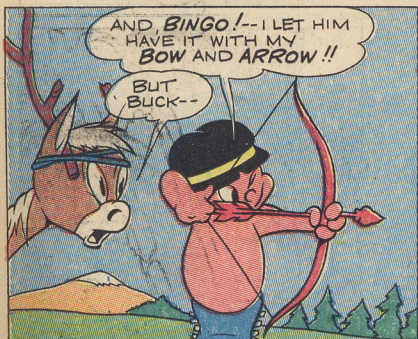
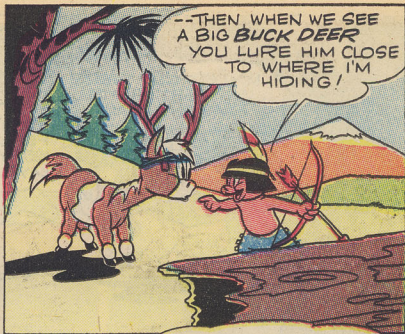
BUT
HOW?

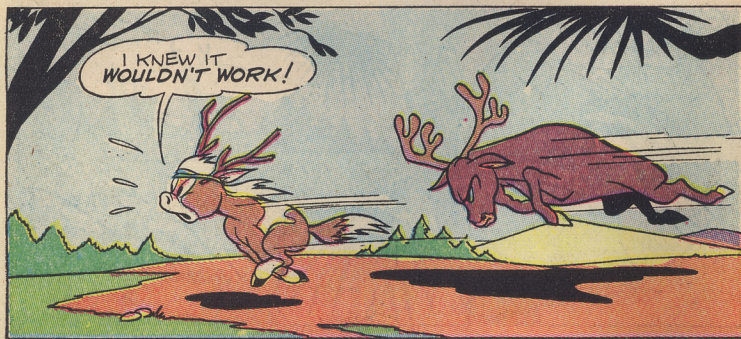
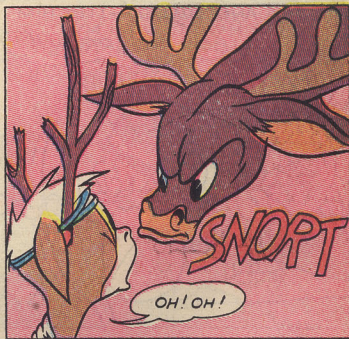
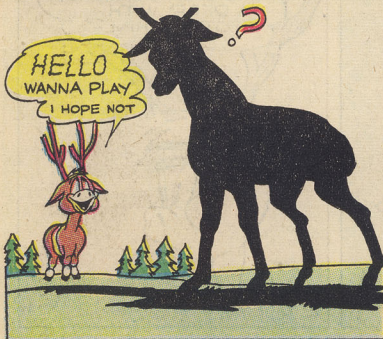
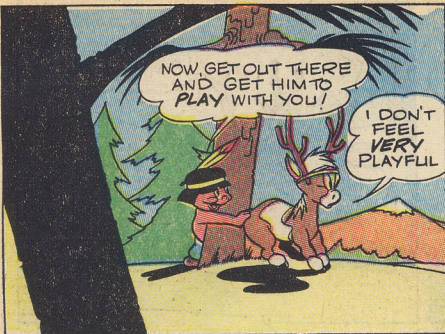


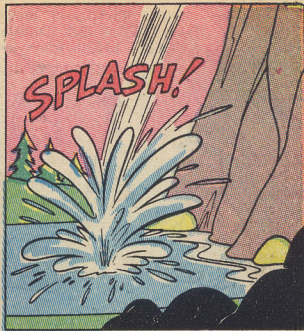
OH! OH! I
KNEW THERE
WAS A
CATCH TO IT!

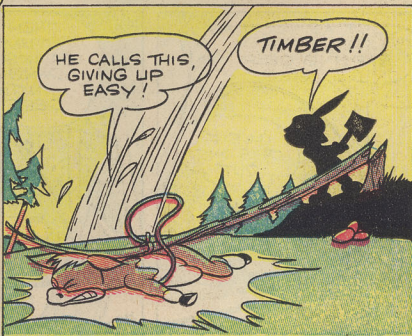
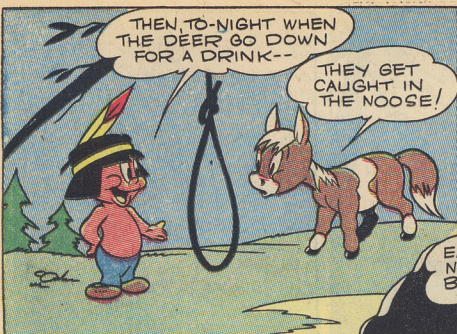
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE
THE BAIT!



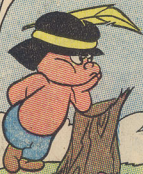








WELL, I'M NOT GOING
BACK WITHOUT
A DEER!



COULDN'T WE SETTLE
FOR A RABBIT
OR SOMETHING--?

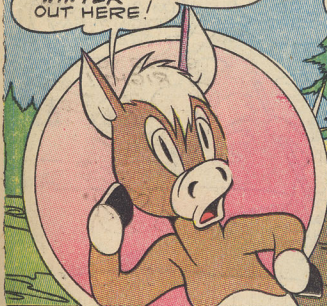
NOPE! NOTHING
LESS THAN
A DEER!



WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL
DIG IN, 'CAUSE WE'RE
GOING TO SPEND THE
WINTER
OUT HERE!

PINTO! YOU
GOT IT!!
THAT'S JUST
WHAT WE'LL DO!

WHAT, DID
I SAY?



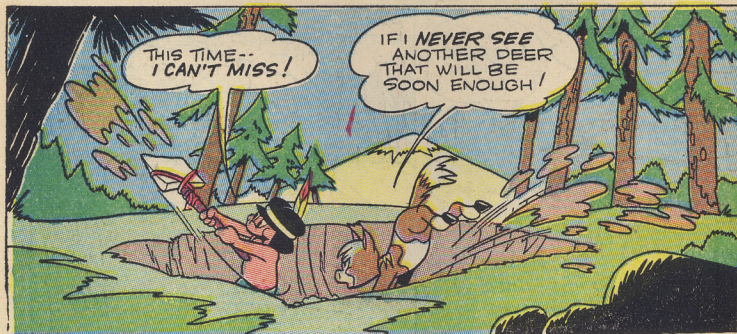
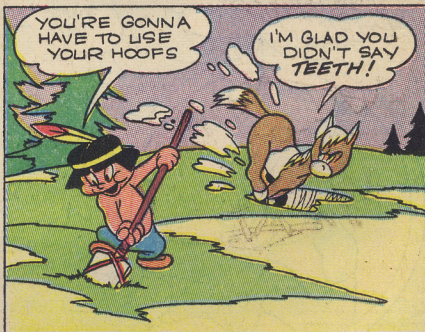
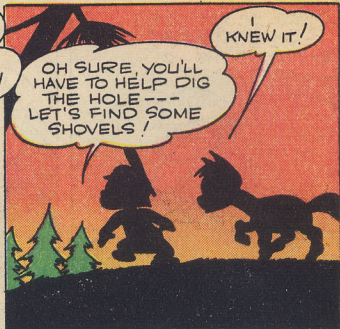
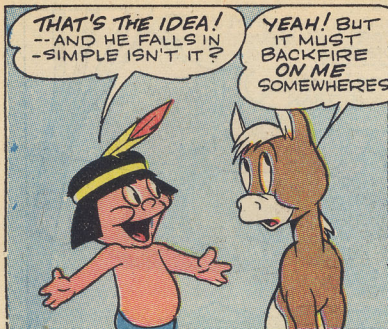
WE'LL DIG A TRAP
RIGHT HERE!
ON THE TRAIL!

OH!
ANOTHER
BRIGHT
IDEA!

--THEN WE'LL COVER
IT LEAVES AND
STUFF--!

THEN THE DEER
CAN'T SEE
THE HOLE!

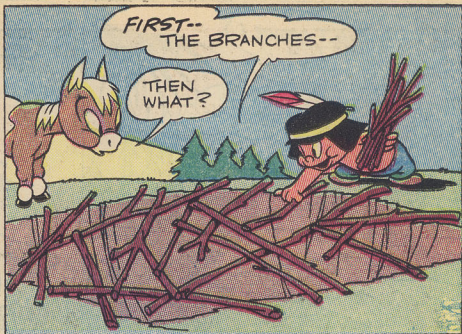






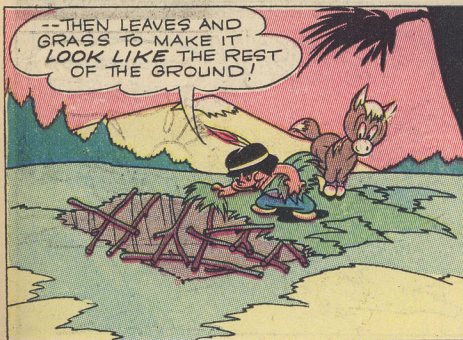
YOU KEEP DIGGING, PINTO, WHILE I GO GET SOME BRANCHES TO COVER THE HOLE!

OH SURE!



FIRST-- THE BRANCHES--

THEN WHAT?



--THEN LEAVES AND GRASS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE REST OF THE GROUND!



GOSH! IT LOOKS SWELL, LITTLE BUCK!

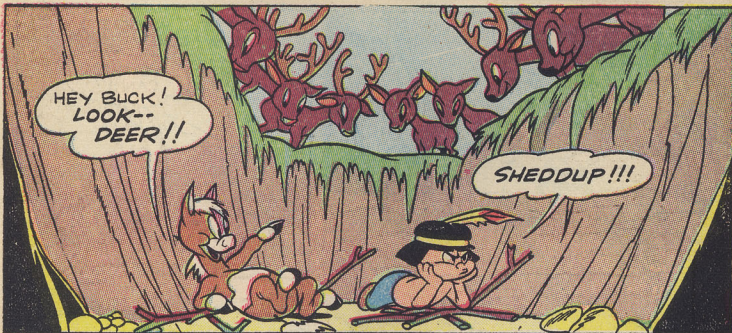
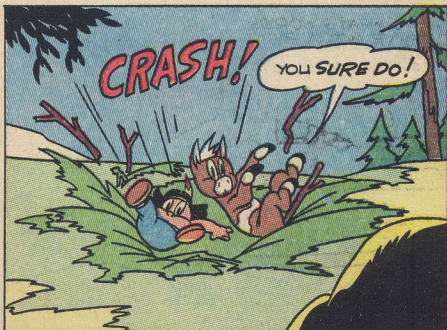
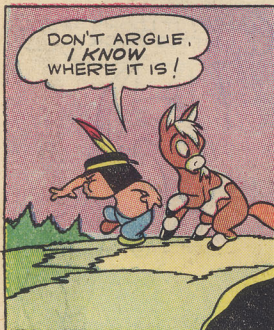
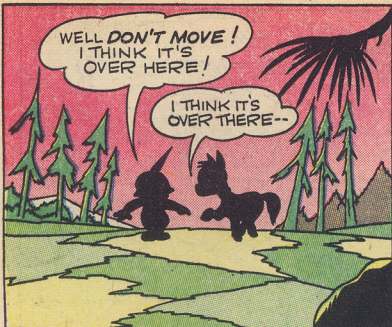


A DEER WILL NEVER KNOW THERE'S A HOLE HERE!

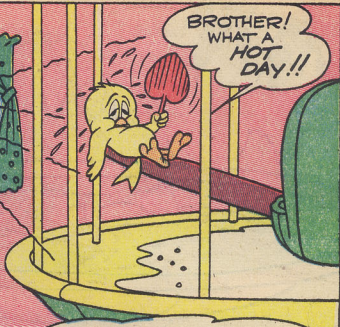
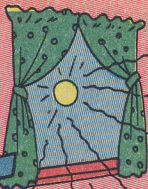


I CAN'T TELL WHERE IT IS MYSELF!

NEITHER CAN I!

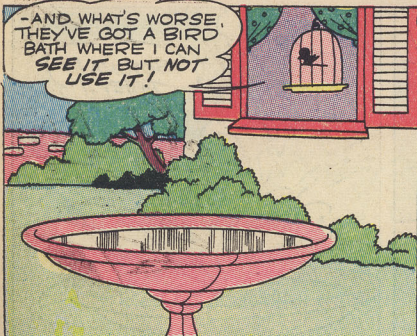


PETE and TWEET



BROTHER!
WHAT A
HOT
DAY!!

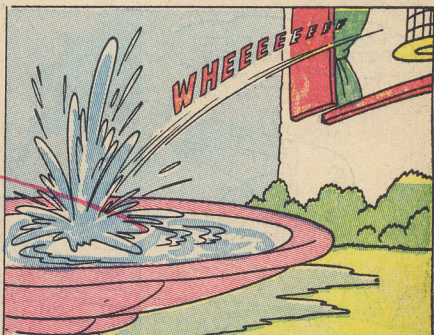
-AND WHAT'S WORSE,
THEY'VE GOT A BIRD
BATH WHERE I CAN
SEE IT BUT NOT
USE IT!

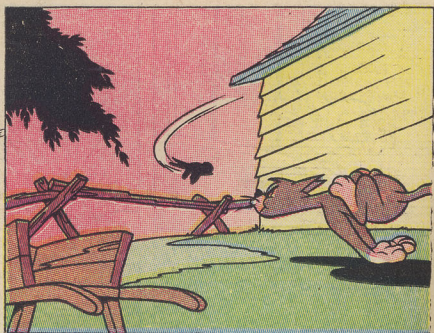
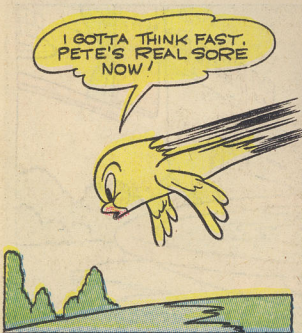
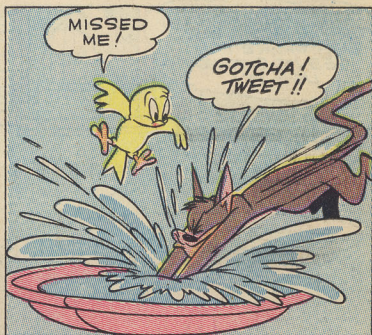
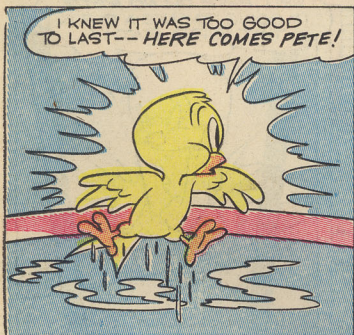
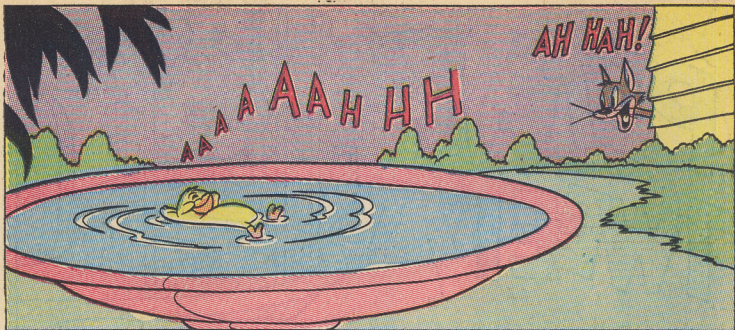


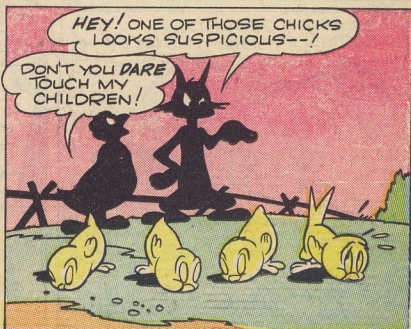
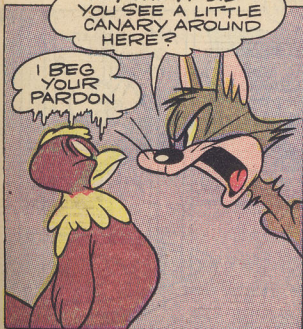
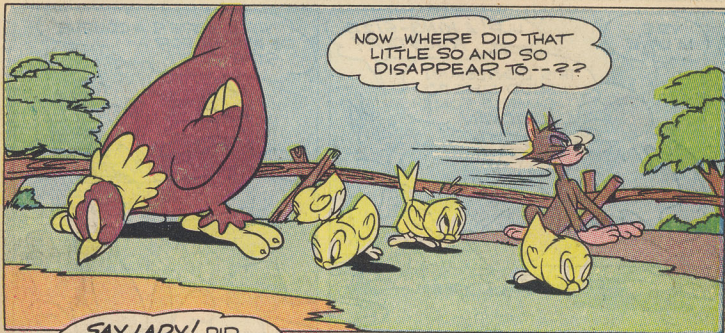
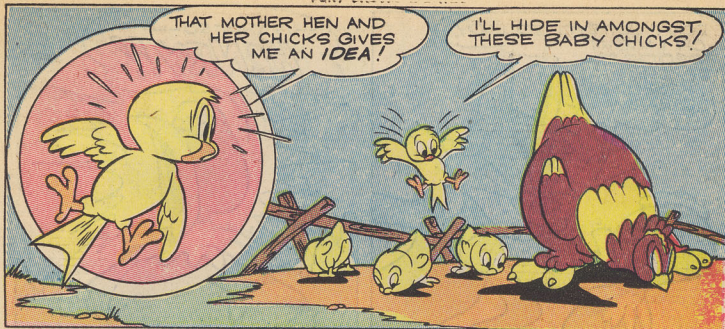
WELL, PETE OR NO PETE,
I'M GOING TO TAKE A DIP IN
THAT BIRD BATH!

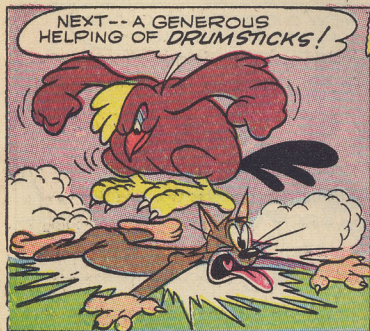
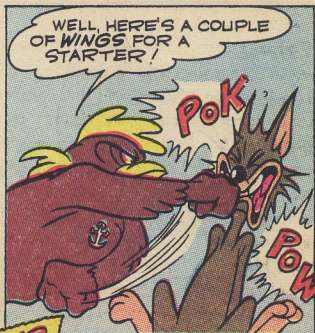
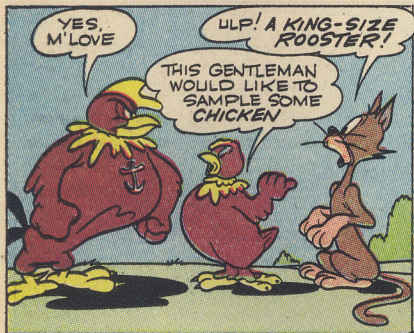
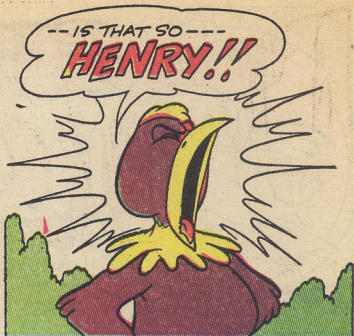
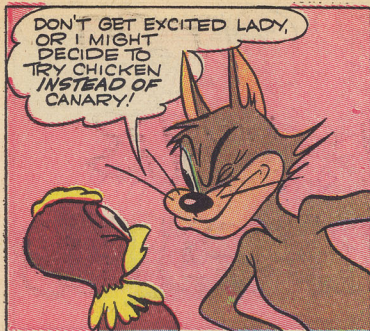


NO CAT IN SIGHT--
--WELL, HERE I GO!











Pancakes sat down on a rock beneath the cool shady branches of an old oak tree to rest. " 'Man O' Man', it's hot out there in the boilin' ol' sun," he sighed, as he leaned his bag of groceries against the trunk of the tree. Going to the store every Saturday for Mammy was a task Pancakes didn't look forward to with much leisure. He leaned back against the tree and half closed his eyes. "Diss is more like it," he said aloud, settling back comfortably. He wiggled his bare feet in a patch of sandy ground. It felt cool and soft as the dust moved in between the toes of his tired and hot little feet.

In another minute Pancakes would have been asleep if he hadn't glimpsed something round and white showing through the leaves of the tall dry grass by his side. Pancakes leaned forward, his drooping eyelids lifted as he looked down curiously. "Well sho' enough," he exclaimed aloud, "it's an egg! A real honest and truly chicken egg!"—He was up on his feet in an instant bending over his find. It was in a nest—a

chicken's nest.° Pancakes stood erect and looked all around searching the countryside carefully. "Nope," he said, shaking his head from side to side, "I sho' don't see any chicken around here." He turned back to the egg, grinning. "It's mine!!!" he squealed with delight. "Da hens done left da nest for good and finders is keepers." He picked his prize up carefully and examined it. He held it close to his ear listening hopefully. "Hot dawg," he exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear. "Dere's a baby chicken gonna hatch outa diss egg."

Holding his new found treasure carefully Pancakes gathered up his bundles and hurried on for home. He didn't mind the hot sun anymore and he hardly knew he was carrying a heavy bag of groceries. No sir, nothing else counted but the egg and a little counting that Pancakes was doing in his head.

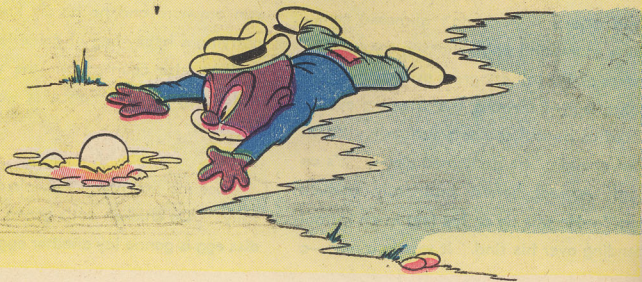
"Let me see now," he calculated carefully. "Da chicken dat's gonna hatch from diss egg is gonna lay another egg every day;

I'm gonna take twenty of those eggs and dey's gonna hatch into twenty more chickens." A proud grin showed his little white teeth. "Twenty more chickens is gonna lay twenty more eggs each.—Dat's four-hundred eggs and they'll hatch into four hundred chickens.—Wowie!!!!" exclaimed Pancakes, "I'se practically a millionaire already"—But he didn't stop with four hundred chickens, not Pancakes. On he went with his arithmetic—"twenty eggs from four hundred chickens— -is - - is." — At last he fairly exploded with the answer—"eight thousand eggs and dat's eight thousand chickens".—

Pancakes broke into a run—Mammy had to hear about this good news—They were rich now; probably the richest people in the world. He could hardly wait to tell her, but wait!—Pancakes stopped dead in his tracks. "If eight thousand chickens lay twenty eggs apiece"—Pancakes thought very carefully—he swallowed hard—this was too much for even Pancakes to believe; yet, he knew that figures didn't lie. He

said it aloud, shaking his head from side to side as if it really weren't so—"If eight thousand chickens will lay twenty eggs apiece and they hatch out that will be one hundred and sixty thousand chickens."

Pancakes' eyes grew bigger, his grin wider as the incredulous figure took shape in his head—then, all at once he ran down the street shouting at the top of his voice: "Mammy! We's rich! We's rich! I got a hundred an' sixty thousand chickens, we's rich, Mammy!" He raced through the gate and up on the steps still shouting but when he reached the top step—Ker-plop!! He tripped and fell and down went Pancakes, groceries and the egg in a littered mess! Pancakes slowly lifted his head to behold his prize and fortune broken to pieces—the shell of the egg still clinging to the end of his nose. He lifted it off and studied it in silent remorse; just a piece of old broken eggshell—all that remained of his once fabulous chicken farm.



HICK and SLICK

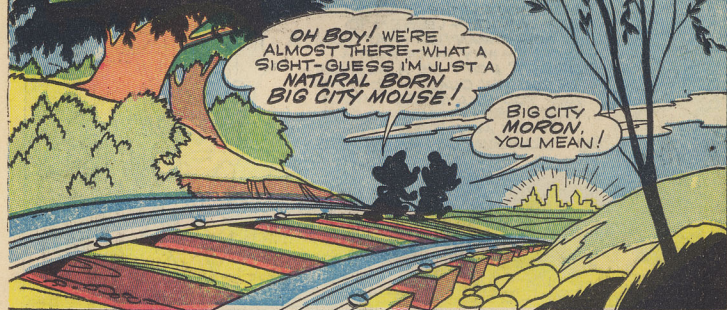
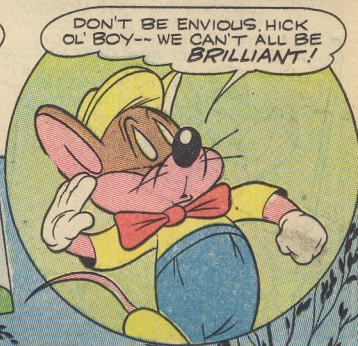
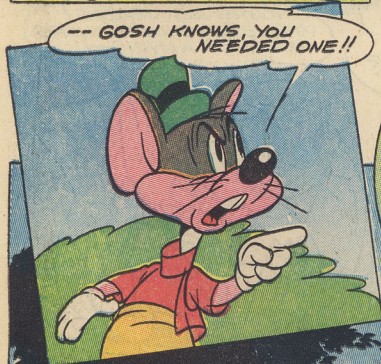
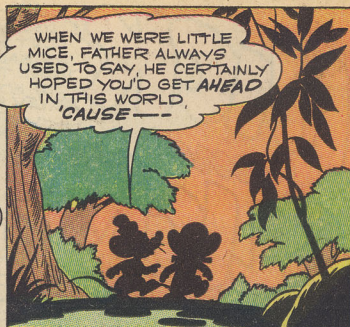
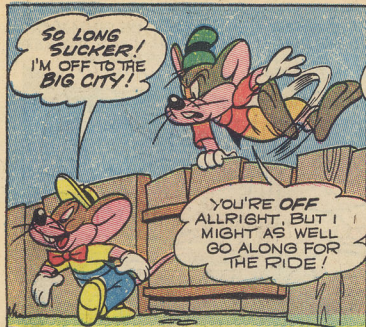
LISSEN SLICK! WHY DON'T YOU HELP ME, INSTEAD OF SITTING THERE TRYING TO FIND OUT HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT WORKING!

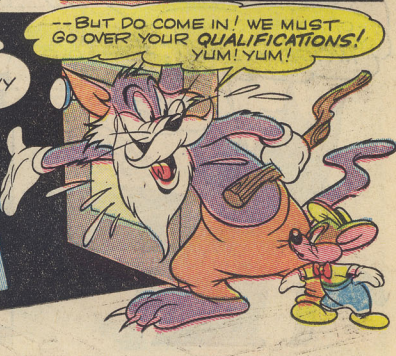
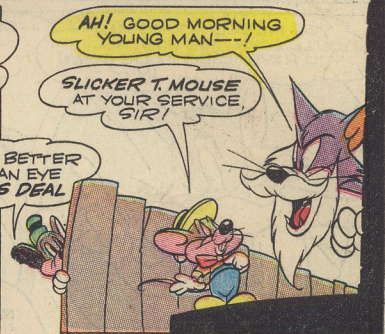
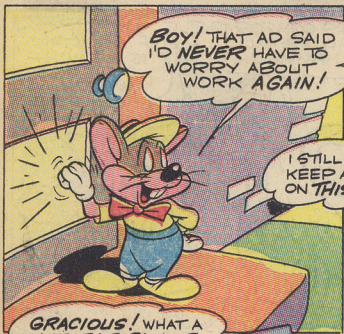
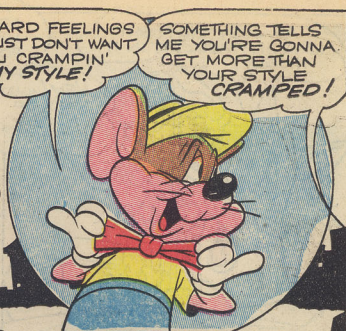
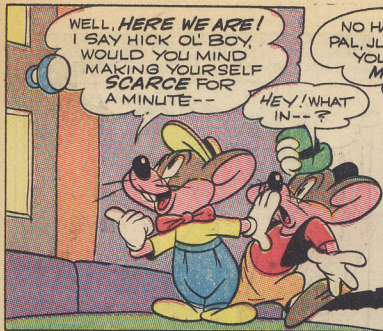
DON'T BE SILLY, HICK OL' PAL--ONLY SUCKERS WORK FOR A LIVIN'!!!

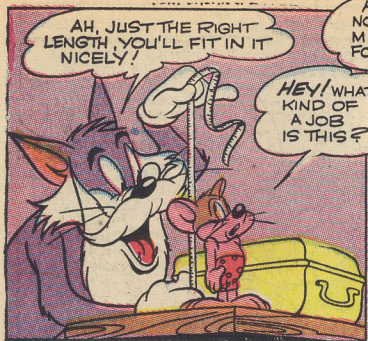
JUST THE SAME, I'M WARNIN' YOU--IF YOU DON'T QUIT ANSWERIN' THOSE TRICK ADS IN THE BIG CITY PAPER YOU'RE GONNA GET IN TROUBLE AGAIN!!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS! I STILL SAY--ONLY SUCKERS WORK FOR A LIVING--!

A SMART GUY LIKE ME DON'T NEED--HEY!!--LISSEN TO THIS AD--"WANTED--FAT YOUNG MOUSE?"--WHY WORK FOR A LIVING? DON'T BE A SUCKER--IF YOU CAN QUALIFY FOR THIS JOB YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WORKING AGAIN--! APPLY NO.1 BIG CITY BOULEVARD--IMMEDIATELY!





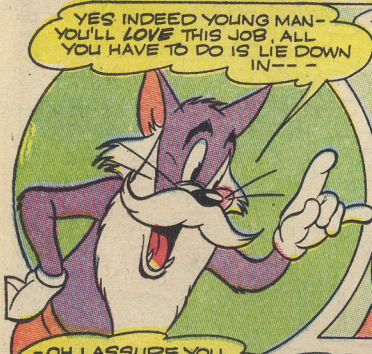
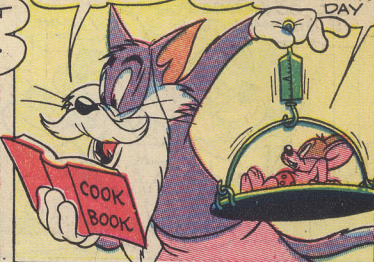


AH, JUST THE RIGHT LENGTH, YOU'LL FIT IN IT NICELY!

HEY! WHAT KIND OF A JOB IS THIS?

HMMM! THE WEIGHT IS PERFECT, NOW LET'S SEE--HOW MANY MINUTES TO THE POUND FOR TENDER YOUNG MOUSE--?

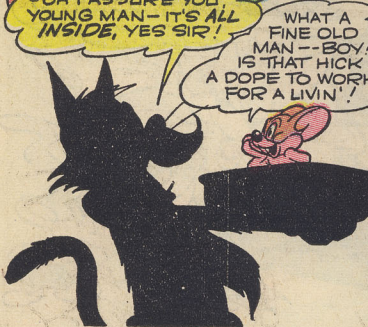
YEAH! I'M REAL TENDER, NEVER WORKED A DAY



YES INDEED YOUNG MAN-- YOU'LL LOVE THIS JOB, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LIE DOWN IN---

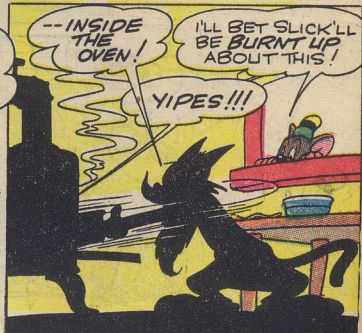
--THIS COMFORTABLE ALL METAL HAMMOCK!

BOY! THIS IS A CINCIN-- IS THIS JOB INSIDE OR OUTSIDE WORK?



- OH I ASSURE YOU YOUNG MAN-- IT'S ALL INSIDE, YES SIR!

WHAT A FINE OLD MAN-- BOY! IS THAT HICK A DOPE TO WORK FOR A LIVIN'!



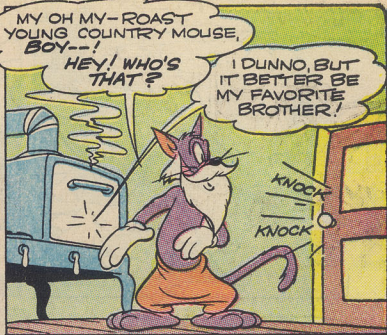
-- INSIDE THE OVEN!

I'LL BET SLICK'LL BE BURNT UP ABOUT THIS!

YIPES!!!



GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE WHISKERS ARE FALSE AND THE GLASSES! WHY THAT OLD GUY IS THE----

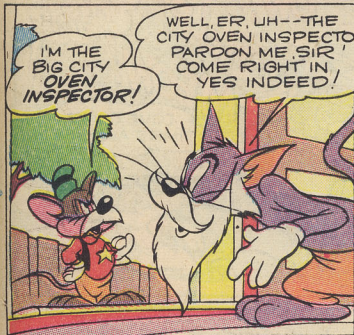


MY OH MY--ROAST YOUNG COUNTRY MOUSE, BOY--!

HEY! WHO'S THAT?

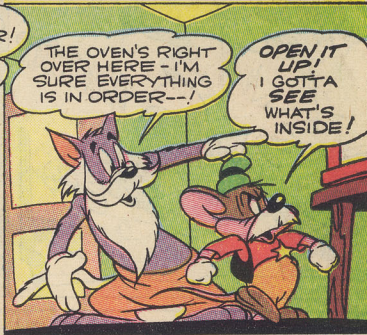
I DUNNO, BUT IT BETTER BE MY FAVORITE BROTHER!

KNOCK
KNOCK



WELL, ER, UH--THE CITY OVEN INSPECTOR! PARDON ME, SIR! COME RIGHT IN! YES INDEED!

I'M THE BIG CITY OVEN INSPECTOR!



THE OVEN'S RIGHT OVER HERE - I'M SURE EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER--!

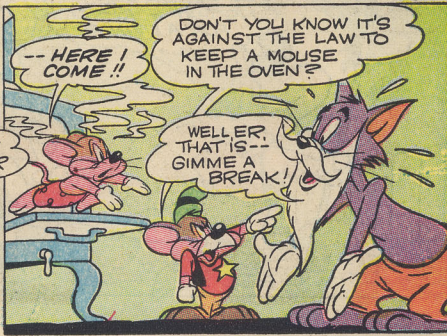
OPEN IT UP! I GOTTA SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!



YES SIR!

WHAT'S THIS! A MOUSE IN A CITY OVEN?

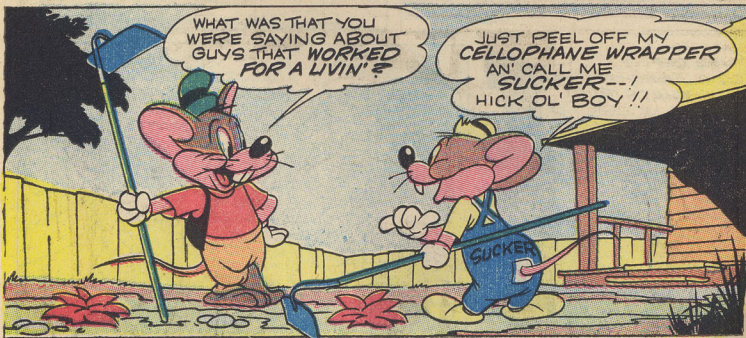
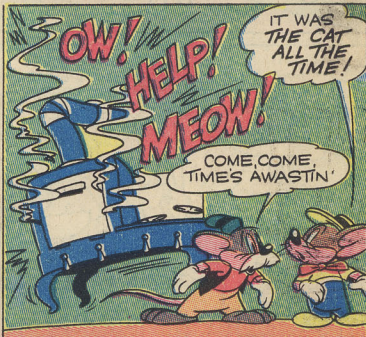
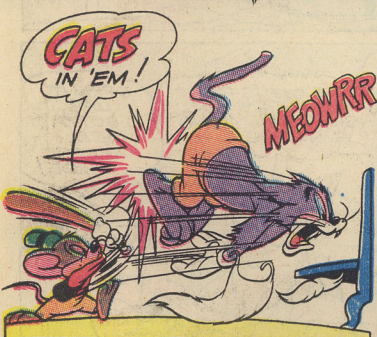
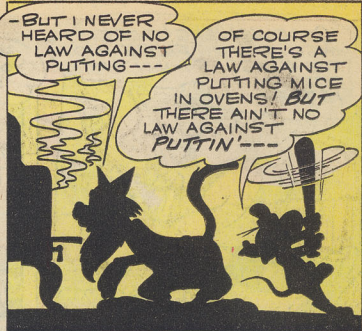
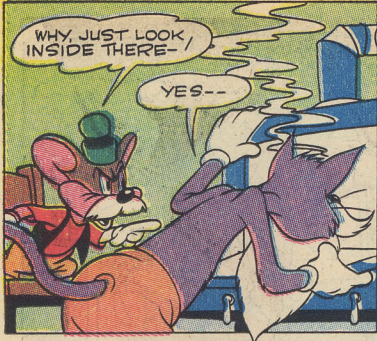
GANGWAY INSPECTOR



-- HERE! COME !!

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO KEEP A MOUSE IN THE OVEN?

WELL, ER, THAT IS-- GIMME A BREAK!



The BUGSEY BEAR FAMILY

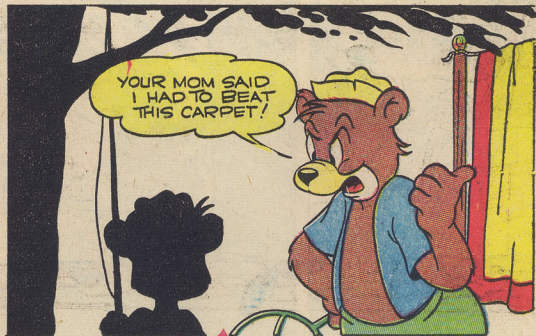
CONFIDENTIALLY
POP-- I THINK
YOU'RE
OVERWORKED!

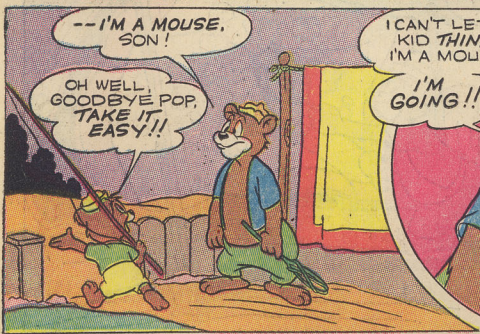
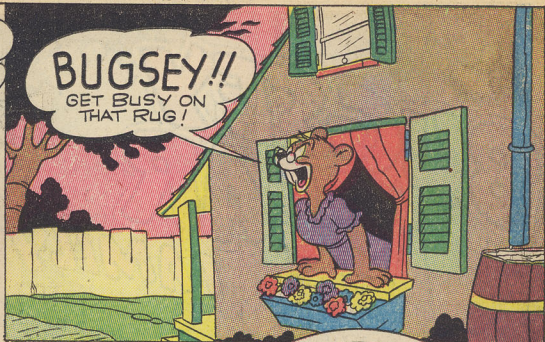
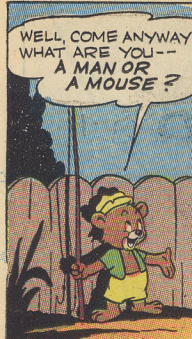


WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE OFF AND
COME FISHING?



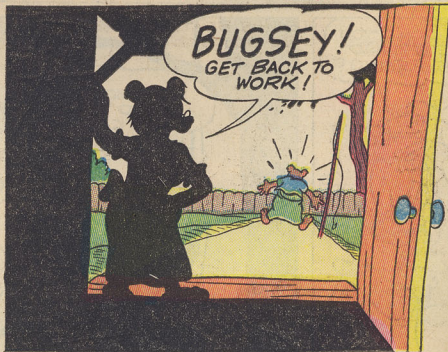
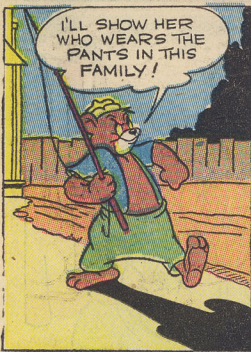
YOUR MOM SAID
I HAD TO BEAT
THIS CARPET!





I CAN'T LET THE
KID THINK
I'M A MOUSE!

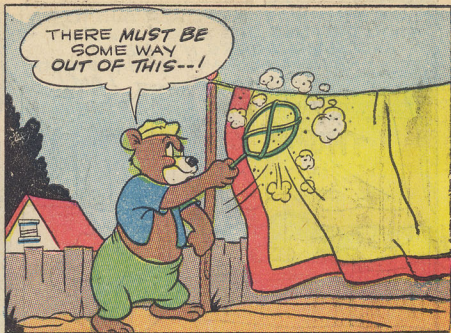
I'M
GOING!!



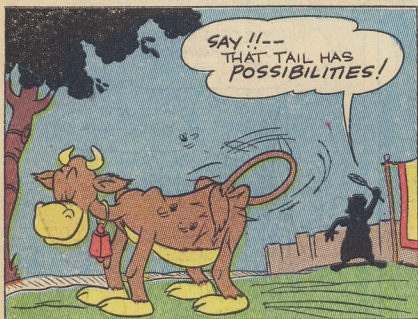
PANTS -- YOU LET
ME DOWN!



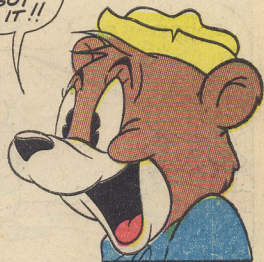
THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY
OUT OF THIS--!



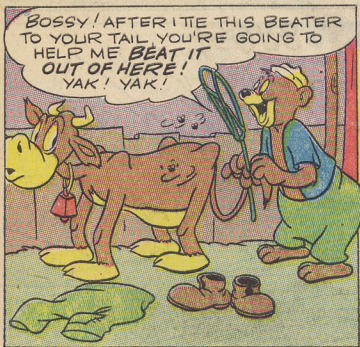
SAY !!--
THAT TAIL HAS
POSSIBILITIES!



I'VE
GOT
IT!!

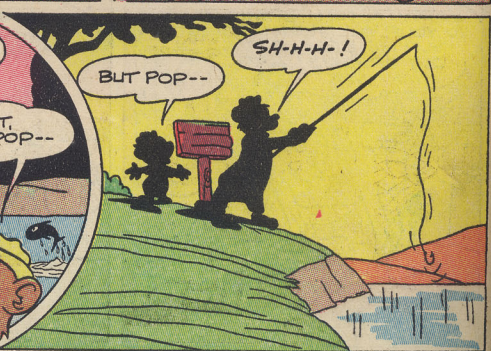
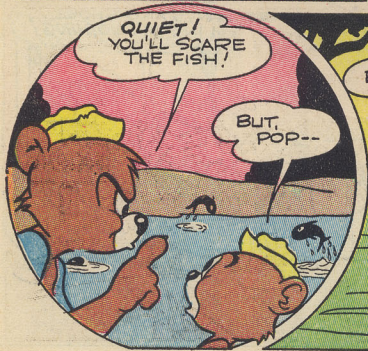
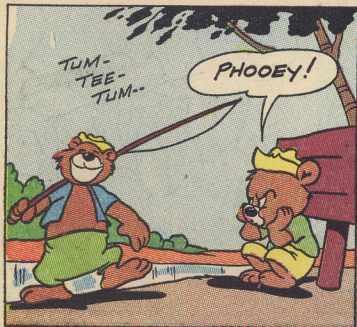
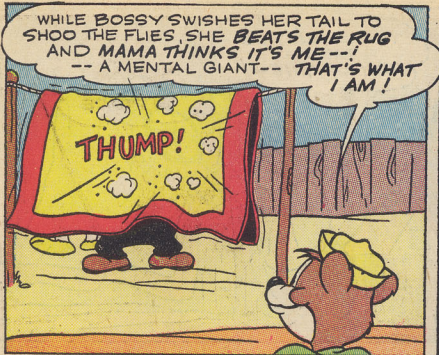


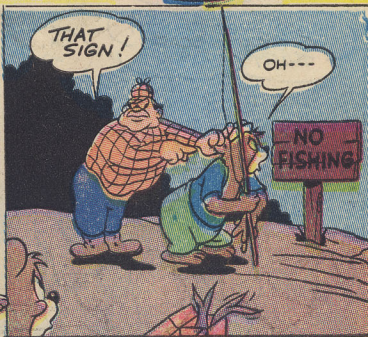
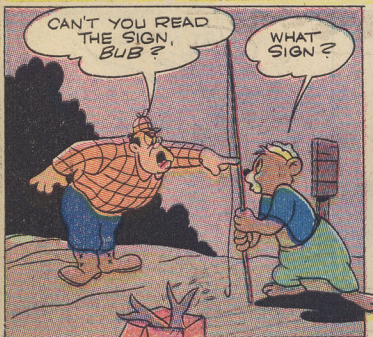
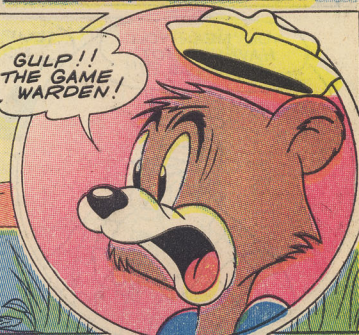
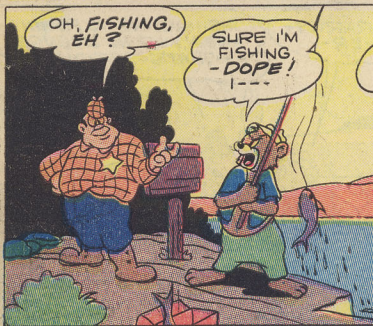
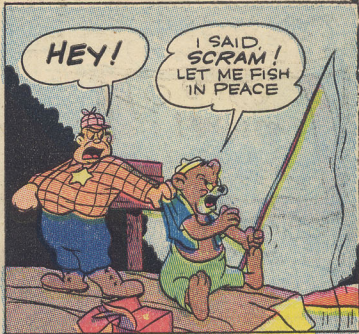
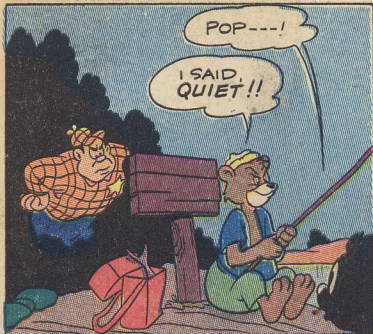
BOSSY! AFTER I TIE THIS BEATER
TO YOUR TAIL YOU'RE GOING TO
HELP ME BEAT IT
OUT OF HERE!
YAK! YAK!

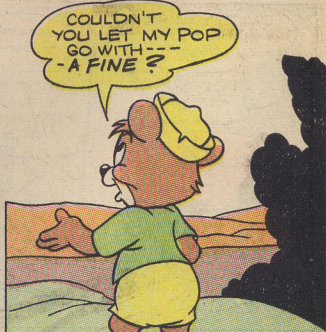
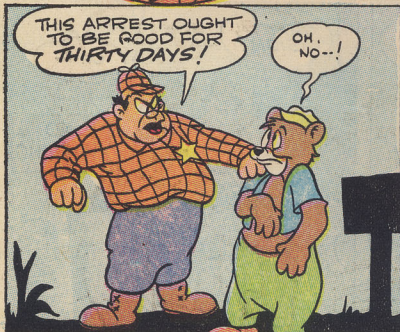
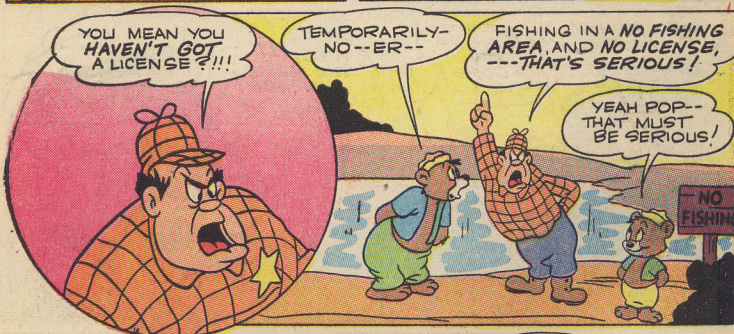
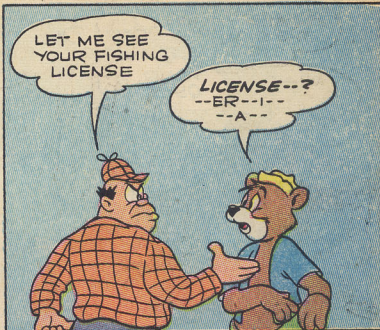


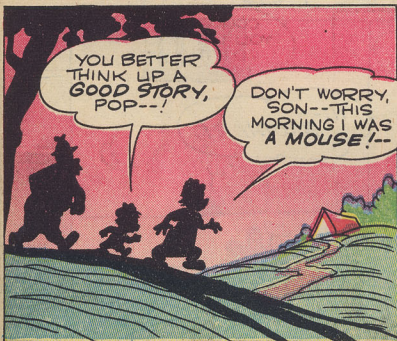
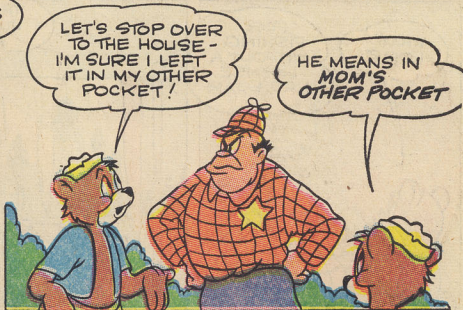
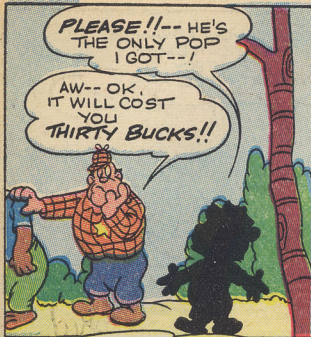
-- MY OLD PANTS AND SHOES,
I'LL THROW 'EM IN FOR NOTHING!

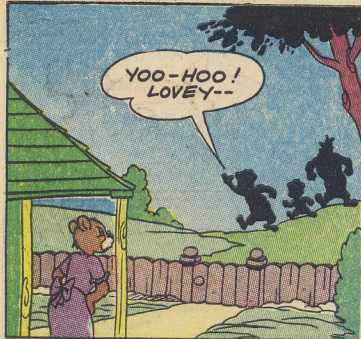




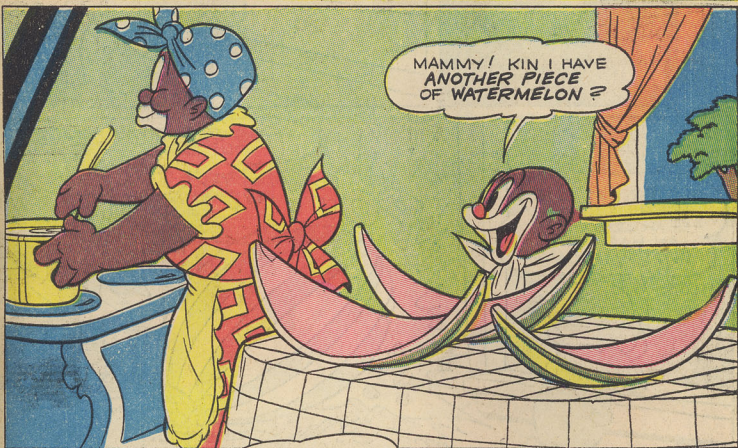


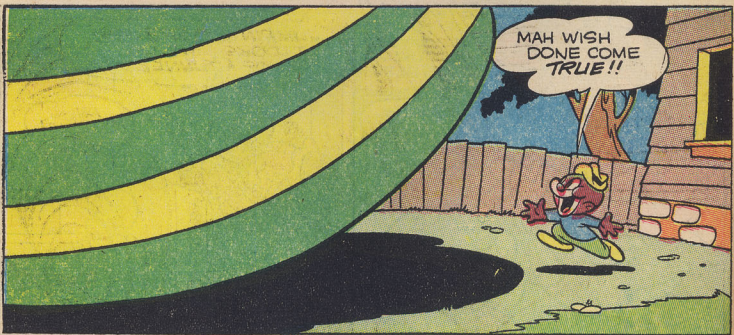
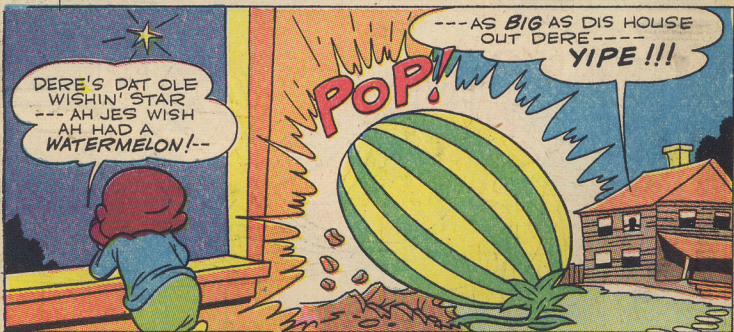
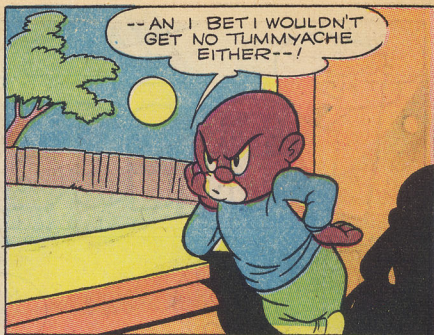


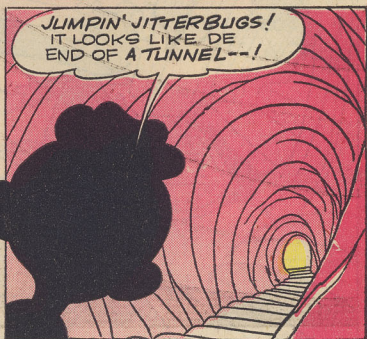
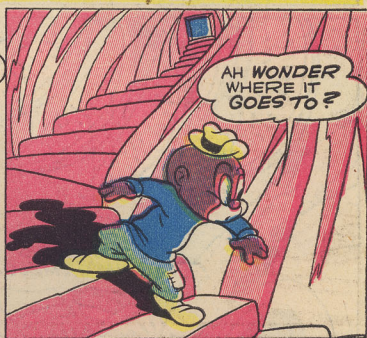




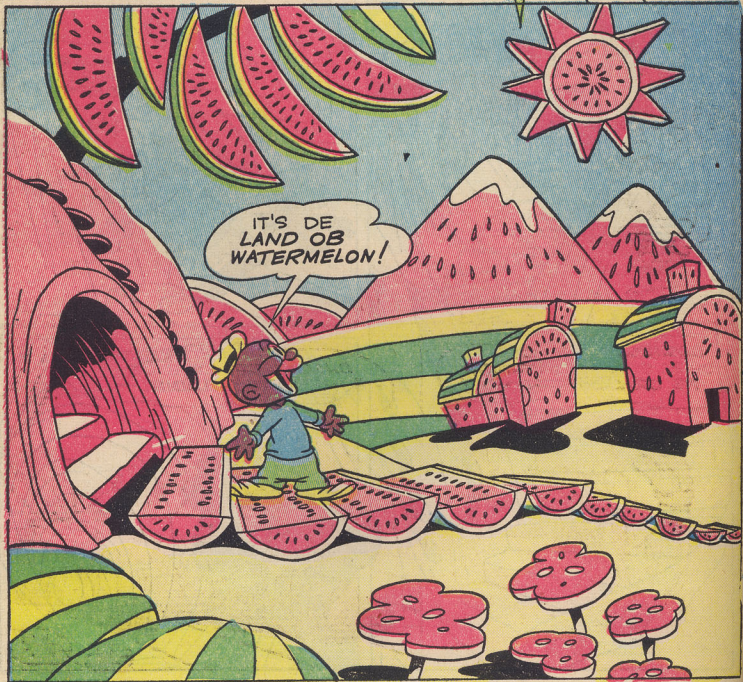
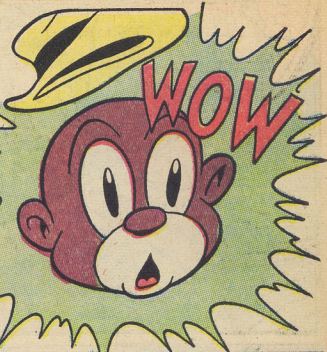
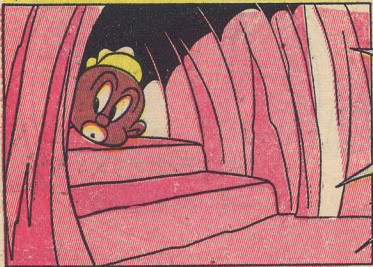
Pancakes

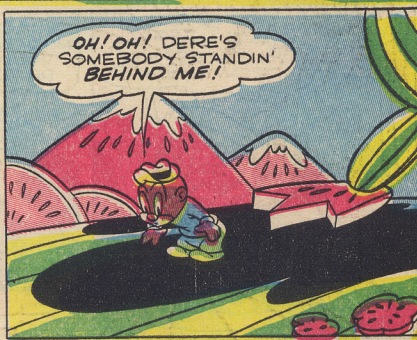
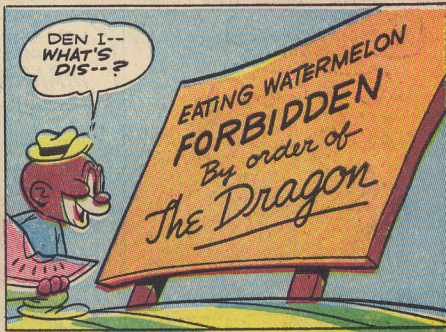
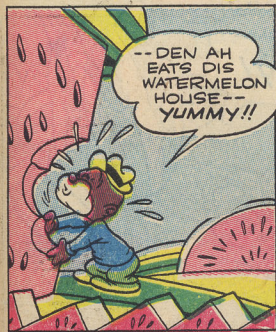
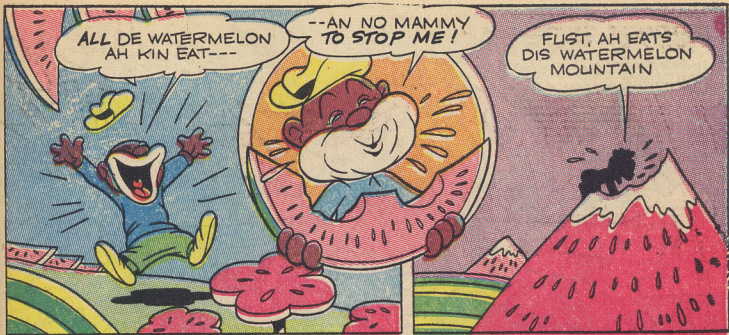


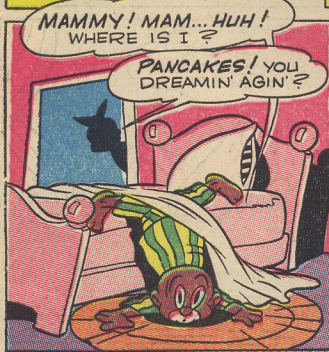
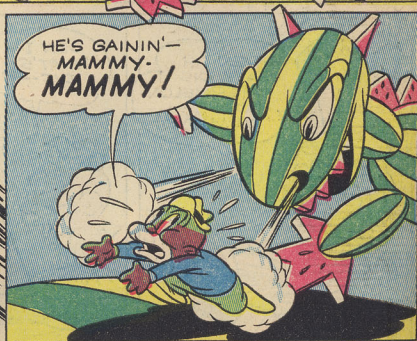
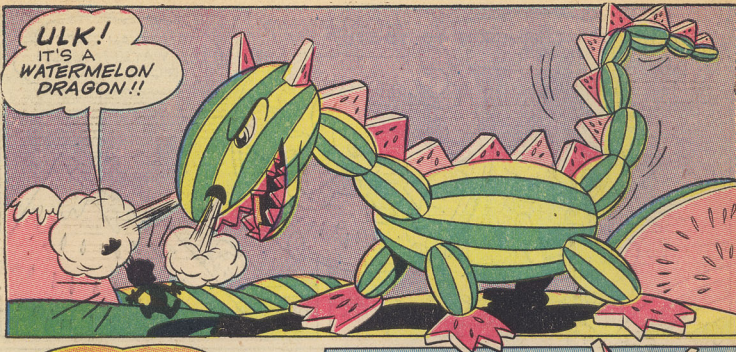




PANCAKES CAUTIOUSLY PEEKS
OUT OF THE END OF THE
MYSTERIOUS TUNNEL---







AH TOLE YOU-TOO
MUCH WATERMELON
WOULD GIVE YOU
DE TUMMYACHE!



YOU'RE RIGHT
MAMMY!-- NEX'
TIME AH EATS ONLY
FO'TEEN PIECES
INSTEAD OF
FIFTEEN!!!



50 PRIZES! 50 PRIZES!

'FOXY FAGAN'

POPULARITY POLL

MY FAVORITES ARE-----

BUGSEY BEAR FAMILY ()

FOXY FAGAN ()

HICK AND SUCK ()

LITTLE BUCK ()

PANCAKES ()

PETE AND TWEET ()

I LIKE THEM BEST BECAUSE-----

FIRST CHOICE

SECOND CHOICE

THIRD CHOICE

NAME

ADDRESS

ZONE

CITY

STATE

PLEASE HELP US

TO HELP YOU

BY INDICATING ON THE BALLOT

YOUR FIRST CHOICE (x)

YOUR SECOND CHOICE (xx)

YOUR THIRD CHOICE (xxx)

FOR EACH OF THE FIFTY
NEATEST AND MOST THOUGHTFUL
COUPONS SENT IN
THE PUBLISHERS OF
"FOXY FAGAN COMICS"
WILL SEND \$1

MAIL IN TODAY !!!

SO FILL OUT THIS COUPON
AND MAIL TO-----
DEARFIELD PUBLISHING CO.
111 W. WASHINGTON ST.
CHICAGO 2, ILLINOIS
DEPT. FF NO 2
POLL CLOSES FEB. 28, 1947



**A NEW STAR
AND A GREAT NEW COMIC BOOK**



**WHEN YOU REACH FOR A
"RED" RABBIT COMIC BOOK
YOU'RE SURE OF A BARREL OF LAUGHS
BUT WHEN "RED" RABBIT SAYS REACH!!
THERE'S NO LAUGHS FOR AN OUTLAW
BECAUSE HE'S SURE TO BE LOOKING DOWN
BOTH BARRELS OF A
"RED" RABBIT SIX SHOOTER!!!**